

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, June 20, 1868. —



(Drawn by CHARLES GREEN.)

"She fancied that Mr. Maxwell's grave politeness in opening the door, had something in it of real alacrity."—p. 696.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—HOME.

IT is not to be wondered at that, after such an introduction, Madeline Barnton was not very happy in her school-life. The girls had been well reprimanded for their folly and unkindness; but this, if it made them any wiser, failed to make them any kinder, and Madeline speedily became aware of the feeling of aversion toward her which

was fostered by some of her companions, and met it by an ever-increasing reserve and loftiness. Unfortunately, she had been made acquainted with what had taken place on the day of her arrival, and it filled her heart with bitterness, and clouded completely the tender and generous side of her nature. The result of all this was that, in spite of the kindness and even partiality of her teacher, Madeline made up her mind that she was not destined to be happy—or, what was the same thing, that she was not made to be loved. And at length, duly “finished,” she was coming home.

The home to which she returned was not the one she had left. It was a new, and far more magnificent dwelling, out of the sight and smoke of Manchester, and furnished to the best taste of the upholsterer—that is, in the most expensive manner, and with the greatest number of the heaviest articles of furniture that it could be made to hold. Business was rewarding Mr. Barnton's exclusive devotion to her service. He was building up for himself a fortune which might one day reach colossal proportions; and he had already so far advanced in the work that he could pause to take breath. In one of these pauses he had bethought himself that it would be well to surround himself with more of the outward and visible manifestations of success than he had yet ventured to do.

Madeline had profited sufficiently by her two years' residence at school. She played well, though she hated the very sound of the piano, as any creature of sensitive organisation might be expected to do who had lived in a house where four of these unlucky instruments had been put to the torture daily, and nearly all day long. She drew tolerably, spoke French like the mother tongue, which indeed it was to her; and above all, had acquired “manner,” though that same manner was somewhat haughty and defiant. Well as she wore it, it was no more a part of her than a suit of chain-armor would have been. She had donned it in what she considered self-defence.

Her father noted with satisfaction the change which was apparent in his young daughter's demeanour, especially that he could now calculate on a certain amount of deference and obedience to his expressed wishes. He began to be almost proud of her, and to cultivate a circle of acquaintances on her behalf. And so she grew silently into a dark lovely woman, who led a life as hidden as any enchanted princess, in the vicinity of the most matter-of-fact city in the world.

But the girl's life became more and more intolerable to her. It had, in truth, neither outlet in the present, nor outlook on the future, and her whole soul was rising up in rebellion against it. She had a habit of voracious reading, which kept

her tame at times. But at other times she would pace up and down the dreary drawing-room like a caged creature, till she could almost have dashed herself against the walls.

One day, when she had been more than usually oppressed with the life-weariness which is the natural result of unsatisfied activities of body and mind, she startled her father by asking abruptly, “Are you very rich, papa?”

“Why do you ask?” he said.

“Because I wish we were poor, and that I had to earn my bread,” she replied.

His reply was a string of commonplaces on contentment; but secretly he thought, “Now she begins to be uncomfortable, it is time she was settled in life.” In this opinion he was confirmed when, having bethought himself that some offering to female vanity might promote the contentment, which he desired to see, he brought her a costly gift—a bracelet of virgin gold in the shape of a heavy fetter. With unusual kindness he made her hold out her slender wrist that he might fasten it on, and though she thanked him and tried to look pleased, he could not help seeing the shudder which ran through her frame as he did so, and the swimming eyes with which she turned away from the symbol of slavery.

CHAPTER V.—THE PARTNER.

MR. BARNTON having turned his attention to the business of settling his daughter in life, lost no time in looking round for a suitable partner. He lighted on one ready made, so to speak. George Maxwell had come into the merchant's service as a probable partner, was well connected, had a little money, and, more than all, was an excellent man of business. He was decidedly handsome, but slow of speech, scarce of smiles, and scant of courtesy. Elderly men praised him, and young ladies admired him, but failed to flirt with him. More than a mere outward acquaintance was needed in order to penetrate to the character of the man, and more than an outward acquaintance he did not yield. He began, however, to be a frequent guest at Mr. Barnton's table, over which Madeline presided in solitary state.

The topics discussed at that dinner-table were not those which are considered interesting to young ladies. They were usually business topics, such as the state of foreign markets, the rate of discounts, and the condition of manufactures. Mr. Maxwell seemed to make an effort now and then to find something to say to her; but Madeline was sure that they settled into talk more comfortably when she had left them, and she almost fancied that Mr. Maxwell's grave politeness in opening the door for her exit, had something in it of real alacrity. She had always to spend a con-

siderable interval in the drawing-room alone, and she was not aware that he showed any signs of impatience to be allowed to join her.

His visits were, however, a relief. They roused her to speculate on his character. He was so different from her father; young, handsome, evidently educated, and yet absorbed in the same pursuits, and seemingly with equal devotion. Madeline found herself taking an interest in subjects which she had formerly despised, in the effort to discover what could be their interest to him, over and above the money one, which she hesitated to believe was the sole object of the enthusiasm which animated him.

"I fear we bore you awfully, Miss Barnton," he said, one evening, as he took his cup of tea from Madeline's hands. "You must find the talk about business intolerably dull."

"No, I am beginning to take an interest in it," she answered; "and I am sure it would interest me more if I knew enough about it to make it real to me. Things that are real are so much more interesting than make-believes."

Mr. Barnton was near enough to hear the answer, and he was about to speak in some astonishment, but he thought better of it, and judiciously retired to an arm-chair and the evening paper.

"What do you mean by make-believes?" he returned.

"Well," she replied, with an animation he had never seen her display before, "there are make-believe speeches which don't mean anything, and make-believe work which doesn't do anything, and make-believe pleasures which do not please one, and make-believe lives which are made up of these, and tire one to death."

"Then you would rather have a few plain words that meant something, even if they meant only business."

She assented with a laugh, quite a gay, girlish laugh, which made her dark loveliness radiant with light and warmth.

"I wish I knew what it is that makes the charm of business," she said; "I think I shall go into it on my own account, and find out some day."

"It is the possibilities it involves, for one thing," he answered. "I do not mean altogether chances of gain and loss, but possibilities of action on which these depend. It is like a great game of mingled chance and skill, only more real and more absorbing; and at times of pressure like this it becomes doubly so. And that is not all: with the interests of trade and commerce are bound up many others—the interest of civilisation itself, the lives and well-being of thousands."

He alluded to the American war.

"I never hear you and my father speak of it," she said, inquiringly.

"We have agreed to keep free of it," he

answered, "like sensible men, knowing that we cannot possibly agree on the subject itself."

"Which side do you take?" she asked, eagerly.

"The North," he answered, unhesitatingly.

"I hope—I believe—they will triumph!" she said, in a low tone, almost passionately.

From that evening they were friends.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PARTNERSHIP.

GEORGE MAXWELL was on one of the committees of relief. It formed a subject of real interest between him and Miss Barnton. Still, it was not of the business of his committee that he talked, but of the sufferings and bravery of the unemployed mill-workers. There was one noble fellow, who had hitherto refused help, and who had even shared his savings with others, who was now enduring privation himself, and who even when offered relief, still said, "Not yet—not yet; I can 'clem' a while yet, and mayhap better days will come." Madeline found out all about this man, and resolved to help him after her own fashion—a very wild one; but then she knew nothing of business, though beginning to think it was not such a bad thing, after all.

She had put away all her ornaments out of pure sympathy with "the distress," and was wearing a simple frock of dark serge. So one day she went to her room and gathered together all that she had of gold. There were two chains, several locketts and rings, a pair of earrings, and the hated, heavy golden fetter. She kept back only her mother's wedding-ring, and another that had been hers—not for its costly diamonds, but that she had always worn it. Then making the rest up in a parcel, she sealed it and carried it away with her one afternoon.

Her destination—towards which she proceeded without hesitation—was the quarter of the town in which Mr. Maxwell's hero lived. It was in "Angel Meadow," a dismal misnomer, unless it may be taken to mean that angels grow there, in the shape of multitudes of little children, yearly transplanted from its filthy alleys to their native heaven. She entered into a squalid court, and asked a half-savage looking woman if Amos Wilson lived there. Being answered in the affirmative, she was shown his room. It was on the ground floor, and she had to knock with her fingers. A gaunt young fellow opened wide the door of a perfectly empty room, empty of all but a little wooden shelf, containing a few old and quite unsaleable books. She did not see the bed of straw behind the door. She asked again, "Are you Amos Wilson?" and he nodding assent, she placed the little parcel in his hands, saying, "This is for you," and hastened away.

On the morning after this little adventure,

George Maxwell waited upon Madeline Barnton, soon after her father had gone for the day. She marvelled much at a call so early. She had never before seen him in the morning, and she felt a little disturbed, though she could not have told why.

She found him in the drawing-room leaning on the back of a chair, and looking unusually grave even for him. They began with the usual commonplaces. He shifted his place several times, at last he came and leaned on the mantleself opposite to her.

"You know, perhaps," he said, "that I am about to enter into partnership with your father?"

A simple negative seemed to stop his progress in this direction.

"I am thinking far more of another partnership," he said at last—"a partnership for life."

Madeline stared and smiled.

The young Scotchman was looking intensely awkward, and absurdly matter-of-fact. He looked as if the position had been forced upon him, not as if he had taken it up naturally, as he asked plainly and abruptly, dropping his metaphor, "Will you be my wife?"

She was quite unprepared for it, and answered, hurriedly, and as plainly as he, "No, no—I cannot!"

He turned away his face for a moment, and then asked gently, and in a tone from which the embarrassment had vanished in a great effort of self-control, "Is there any special reason?"

"I do not love you," she answered.

No more need or could be said, and neither were capable at that moment of saying it, if there had. He put her hand to his lips and left her.

When he was gone she sat down in dismay, and a little stir of tenderness woke up in her. "I could have loved him," she said to herself, "if only I had known if he had really loved me." Then the tenderness was lost in a perfect storm of self-pity, as the mention of the partnership occurred to her. "It is part of the business, I suppose," she soliloquised; "all arranged and settled with my father. Oh, mother—mother!" she moaned, as she hid her face among the sofa-cushions, "I would rather be a slave than a wife on such terms."

Her father came in early. He had a look of unusual satisfaction on his face, which had been often anxious and careworn of late. His "Well, Madeline, have you seen Mr. Maxwell to-day?" showed her that he knew at least of that gentleman's intention; but she did not answer more than, "Yes."

Her father looked perplexed, and waited for more.

After a pause she said, "I have refused him."

Mr. Barnton began to walk up and down the

floor. Suddenly he stood still before her and said, "Madeline, it is time you knew that I am a ruined man, and you have completed the ruin. George Maxwell would have saved me but for you. Of course, he will give up the whole business now."

"Father," she said, sternly, "I would rather be poor, rather work for myself and for you too, if I could, than marry and live as my mother lived."

The first part of her speech had called forth an emphatic ejaculation of contempt; the second, a look almost of suffering.

"What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely. These two might torment each other by means of the natural love left in them; but neither help nor comfort could reach over the gulf that divided them.

With quick instinct the daughter divined this, and answered, sadly and gently, "My mother had no share in your thoughts; you were never with her. You told her nothing of your concerns, of your cares and troubles, or successes. Her life was a dreary blank. I will never marry as a mere matter of business."

She did not know how closely she had hit the mark on his conscience. But the effect of the wound was only to irritate.

"You are mistaken, if you suppose George Maxwell was trying to make a good bargain, if that is what you are driving at," he said, trying to read the face of his unfathomable daughter. "He knew this morning before he came to you that my wealth had gone to the last penny, swallowed up in this American quicksand. He offered to join me at once, and go over to America to redeem whatever could yet be saved. His money would tide us over the crisis here. He only asked to speak to you at once before setting off."

It was an altogether new light on the business.

Mr. Barnton went out of the room without giving time for a reply, even if his daughter had desired to make one. She was left to her own meditations for the rest of the evening. Her father had shut himself up in a small writing-room, and had ordered some refreshment there. Madeline had to dine alone.

She was a generous girl, and her heart was profoundly touched. Every moment of those solitary hours deepened the impression. Her self-reproach rose to the verge of agony. It was no sluggish feeling which possessed her. The tide rushed along her heart swift and full as a torrent. That she should have misconstrued his generosity into mercenary motives, was anguish enough for her, but she had doubtless wounded a loving heart in casting it away from her. How precious the offered gift seemed now! how priceless, indeed! worth heart, and soul, and life of hers! A new humility possessed her, as she sat there, and the

twilight stole upon her, and she neither moved nor wept.

She heard a ring at the bell, and found herself trembling; then a deep voice she knew sounded in the hall, and she almost gasped for breath. A step passed the drawing-room door and entered the little writing-room beyond.

Another hour passed, and still Madeline sat there alone in the fire-light among the shadows, her whole life centred in listening. At length the door opened. In another moment he would be gone, and the girl bent her head upon her hands and felt that her hope would go with him. There was a pause. Instead of passing on, George Maxwell entered, and gently closed the door and came forward.

"Pardon me for again intruding on you, Miss Barnton," he said, without a shadow of the morning's awkwardness, "I came to say good-bye, and also to excuse myself for my abruptness."

She rose and held out her hand to him in silence, and hardly suppressed a little sob. He sat down on the other side of the fire, and she took her seat again mechanically.

"I have also brought this little packet," he said, "for your inspection."

Madeline recognised her jewels at a glance.

"They are yours," he said.

She could not resist saying, "How do you know?"

"You have not worn them for some time," he said, "but I know this, and this, and this," and he took them up tenderly one by one.

"They were mine," she said; "but I gave them away. How have they reached your hands?"

"They were placed in my hands to see if they were honestly come by, that is all," he said.

"Amos would not be tempted, you see; and even now they are going to be divided."

She smiled, but it was a smile that flickered sadly, and at last the tears would come, and she let them drop on her clasped hands in the fire-light, like great diamonds. "Indeed, indeed, I did not know that, perhaps, they are not mine to give."

"Not quite so bad as that," he said, seeing her allusion. "I have disposed of them already." He did not say that he had paid their full value himself. "And now I must say good-bye, I am going to America on business. The ship sails from Liverpool to-morrow. It will be a pleasanter voyage for me if I can carry with me your good wishes and forgiveness. Nothing but the hasty call to prolonged absence would have made me so unfeelingly abrupt. Promise that you will forget all about it."

Left to time, maidenly reserve might—nay, would—have triumphed, and Madeline would have felt a hundred reasons for hiding her heart from this lover of hers; but what she did was to glide from her seat to the knees of the speaker—oh! sad reverse of the order of things—and say, "No, I cannot forget, but please forgive me."

"Madeline, my darling—"

But she persisted in sitting there, and telling him how she thought he cared only for business, and how wildly she had resented being made a partner on such terms.

The time they spent in further explanations was altogether unwarrantable, and when Madeline hinted as much, her lover archly replied, "Business is business, but love is love." Before they parted, the articles of partnership were agreed on, and, it may be added, that they have since been duly ratified.

DUST.



AN any subject be lighter and more contemptible than this? We are accustomed to use the *word* as indicative of something entirely worthless and beneath notice, and in thought, as in reality, to trample the *thing* beneath our feet. But, after all, our scorn, however rational, is lavished in this manner upon ourselves—that of which we are made, and in which we end. What, then, is the moral truth and significance of this paradox? There is, of course, a physical solution immediately at hand. All forms of matter can be reduced to a few simple substances, and a very slight chemical change is sufficient to transmute the most valuable material into the most useless, and *vice versa*. These changes we may or may not

be capable of producing at will, but with Nature they are the constant acts of every day. She has but a very few materials to work upon, and with an infinite variety of combination she produces an infinite variety of effects. There is no refuse or waste with her; nothing is really despicable. The crust of the earth, the life upon its surface, the air, the cloud, the sunbeam, are all busy in ceaseless change—ceaseless buildings up, and ceaseless pulling down. We are, indeed, fearfully and wonderfully made, and the wonder is not abated when we learn that we are made with marvellous simplicity also. The fact, however, remains the same, that matter in the form of dust is very useless, and often very troublesome. Again, dust is naturally associated with the idea of death, of annihilation,

of oblivion, and so becomes possessed of a strong figurative significance.

Thus we come to look upon dust or mire with annoyance, with scorn, with loathing, and to use the words as descriptive of something useless, or abandoned, or destroyed. But we would do well sometimes to humble ourselves to the dust, to reflect with these words in our ears on what we really are, and what all our works are so ready to become. Take any one of the multitudinous forms of organised matter that we see around us full of life, and beauty, and power—a man, a tree, a beast from the jungle, or a bird from the air. The point of a knife, or a grain of poison is applied, and the whole structure, however perfect, however lovely, however strong, is doomed to ruin and decay, crumbling swiftly or slowly into dust and slime. Such changes are going on everywhere every moment of the year; indeed, we are ourselves the subjects of a somewhat similar process every moment of our lives. We are, in fact, less constant than many things about us; the gold and the marble outlive us, and we change like leaves of the autumn in the shadows of the everlasting hills.

We are familiar in the Bible with many allusions to the mutability of man, and of his fortunes and circumstances, and when we turn from this to God's great book of creation and event, we read his will in similar language. It seems to be the Divine intention that certain great truths should lie about us, ready always for our apprehension, but not eclipsing the necessary details of life. They are always to be seen, they must never be actually forgotten; but if they were to press constantly upon the thought, it would unhinge the mind for its daily intercourse with the world.

Thus the subject before us cannot always be quite remembered, must never be quite forgotten. Dust is a useful *memento mori*. It is well that we should look sometimes into the grave, that the bell should toll in our ears; but it was not intended that this should be our constant sight and hearing, and that we should always be haunted with the face of Death. What a great and pregnant saying was that of Christ's, "Let the dead bury their dead." There is something stern, and sad, and necessary about it. It is a reproof to long and selfish grief, the fatuous complaining for that which is lost to this scene for ever. It seems to say, With life only the living are concerned; for the dead, we place them in keeping of the dead; dust to dust, the soul unto God that gave it: come, thou, and follow me. We must work whilst it is day; it is the sloven and the fool who anticipates the night, when no man can work. Our fellows have passed into the shadow of that night, but we must not stand lingering upon the verge of darkness.

Again, how terrible is that saying of the Lord's, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." If the first fixes the thought, does not this fascinate it with fear? Whatsoever thou hast garnered up with peculiar care, whatsoever the long years have hoarded for thee, whatsoever new passion, or indulgence, or ambition has painted life in fresh colours for thee, this night they shall be nothing to thee, they shall turn to ashes in thy hand; thy soul alone of these shall be real and living to thee in the presence of new and eternal realities.

Thus, it seems to be God's will that we should in no way neglect life through fear of death, or the memory of the dead; but that, on the other hand, we must concern ourselves with it in the full consciousness that we stay here but a short time, and that the moment of our departure is uncertain. This latter thought will be found to need the more frequent expression. There are few of us with whom the world is not so large as to hide everything else, so that we cannot look above it to God, or beyond it to eternity, or beneath it to death; and yet these are of infinitely greater importance than that which so occupies our attention. Is it not well, then, that we have about us a continual memorial of decay? The companions of our youth, like the beauty of summer, are laid lifeless in the dust before our eyes. The clay receives all, and assimilates all to itself: "All go unto one place; all are of dust, and all turn to dust again." If the dust preaches death to all, it does not preach equal death to all. The surviving soul of man marks him as distinct from all else that perishes. The risen Redeemer of man has brought again even his body from the dust, and won back the conquest of corruption. Thus death, which destroys other identities, is to us the gate of immortality, and of this distinction we have even now a continual witness from analogy; for while destruction and change are continuous about us in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in our own bodies, and our achievements, in nature and in art, the spirit of man alone continues constant, while its functions are even progressive from the first, and are destined, perhaps, to be progressive always. In this respect Nature cannot produce his equal. She, indeed, has been before him here, and shall be after him; but with her children, the birth of one is the destruction of another, and she breathes for ever in the atmosphere of death.

But we enjoy little of this higher and spiritual life; we seldom even think of our splendid—our inestimable treasure. We are like one who, dwelling in a noble mansion, inhabits its meanest room, and takes no count of its long galleries of art, its cabinets of costly treasures. Our spirits have been cast into moulds of clay very beautiful, indeed, but destined, sooner or later, to be broken

into shapeless dust again as by the potter's hand. Shall we become, then, so enamoured of this short tenement and its conditions, that we forget our true selves and our immortality? "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." To such diverse issues must the question be finally brought! In such a strange and terrible contrast will the alternatives before us result! Corruption on the one side; life everlasting on the other. Life now is a compromise, a mixture of good and evil, a confusion of principles, a struggling of hope, necessity, and fear; but there the tumult is stilled into a calm of inevitable results, of final and immutable decisions. Hope is lapsed for ever in enjoyment, and fear more darkly accomplished in despair.

What, then, is the choice before us on which so much depends? The Apostle Paul thus writes to the Galatians: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other:" and he proceeds to enumerate the works of the flesh and the works of the Spirit.

We are, therefore, to decide between these two and happily for us, while there is temptation on one side, there is almighty power on the other. In all that we do we are beset by doubt and weakness; but "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally;" if any of us lack strength, let us go to Him that said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." In this lies the secret of success in that contest between the Spirit and the flesh, which goes on about us, even when we are unconscious of it. No man can develop within himself a spirit of love, purity, and truth, to be the only law within him. It has been tried over and over again, and whatever success there has been, there has been no complete and continuous triumph: "In many things we offend all." The solution, then, of the whole question is to be found as a matter alike of theory and practice, in the assistance from without which is proffered for man's acceptance, and lies about him as liberal and boundless as the air he breathes. As his body enjoys and is supported by this, so his soul must receive that Divine atmosphere; for privation in the one case is as surely fatal as in the other.

J. S. W.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER V.

THE discoveries of the pier of Robinson's Arch," writes Lieutenant Warren, on the 11th of January of this present year, "and of the fallen arch-stones, have created no small stir in Jerusalem, and all classes are wishing to go down to see them. I have had a visit from Mr. Berlina, the son of the late chief Rabbi of London," the lieutenant adds, "and have made arrangements for taking a party of learned Jews down next Monday; he talked about bringing a hundred, but it will take half a day to show ten all that there is to be seen. Yesterday the works were crowded with Jews wishing to go down; we were obliged to put them off until after working hours, so as not to interfere with the workmen. To-day," continues the same letter, "when taking an English party round, I found some Jews seated at the top of the shaft, and asked them to come down; they declined on account of its being the Sabbath. One of our party explained that the Sabbath-day's journey might be taken underground as well as on the surface, and then one of them joined us and came down. On Thursday I took the Consul-General of France and party over the excavations, and they were particularly

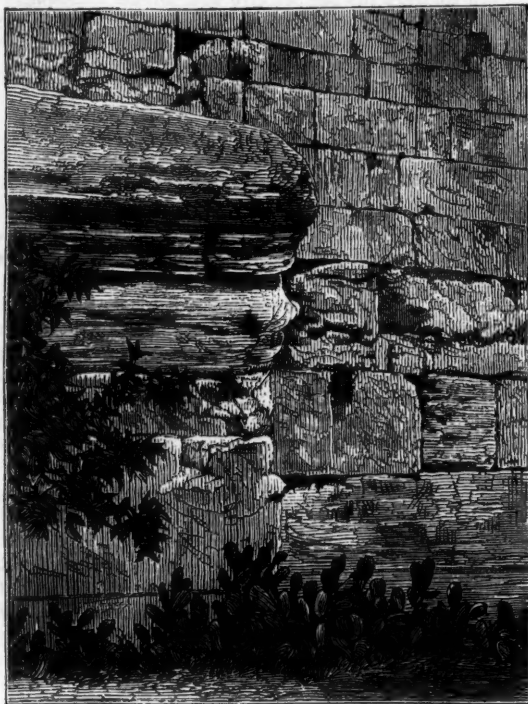
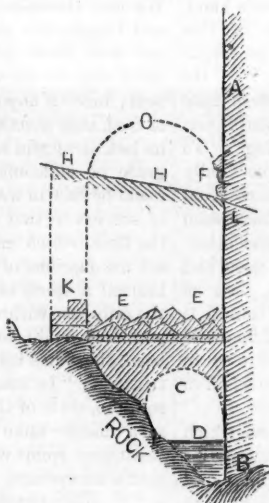
interested and delighted with what they saw. Our progress on the whole is very slow, as now we are among large loose stones. We are trying the fellahin's (Arab's) courage a great deal." In another letter, Lieutenant Warren says he has had an arm-chair made for the purpose of lowering the aged rabbis in comfort as well as in safety down his shaft; and, referring to quite a different class of visitors, on another occasion the lieutenant writes—"I have been taking many visitors over the works lately, and I can see that they do not at all realise what is going on until after they have been slung down some of the shafts and squeezed through a few holes."

The pavement, on a level with the rock foundation of the western pier of "Robinson's Arch," which led eastwards towards the Haram wall, Lieutenant Warren was disposed to regard as a low-level causeway, supported by another massive sub-arch, which had never been destroyed; and this we may consider to be a conjecture that the researches, which are still in progress, will eventually show to have been well founded. Other discoveries, hereafter to be described, will be found to have proved that this low-level pavement was not resting on a solid mass of masonry or earth, since, without any doubt, at a very con-

siderably lower depth beneath the pavement, a stream of running water, long forgotten and altogether unknown, was still flowing, and may fairly be assumed to have been flowing for very many centuries. This running water we shall endeavour, in succeeding chapters, to follow along its onward course, and also to trace upwards towards its source. In the annexed diagram, illustrative of "Robinson's Arch," A B shows the western Haram wall in section, with a section of the springers of the arch at F; the line H H denotes the present surface of the ground; L K shows the outline of the western arch-pier, with the three courses of masonry resting on the rock at K; G shows the sweep of the arch; E E are the fallen arch-stones, as they now lie on the pavement, which extends from the

pier, K, to the Haram wall, A B; and beneath this pavement I have placed a conjectural sub-arch, as at C; while below this arch the running water appears at D. This diagram shows how the western Haram wall rests on the rock at B. From B upwards to F this same wall rises to the height of 95 ft.; it then emerges from the ground, and attains the height of 85 feet above the present surface; so that the entire height of this grand wall is not less than 180 feet from foundation to crest. And, since it may be assumed as certain that Solomon's wall at

this point rose to at least the same towering height, we may readily accept Lieutenant Warren's words when he says, "No wonder that the poor Queen of Sheba's spirit failed her when she saw the stu-



'pendous ascent' which, when she made her memorable visit to the wise king, led up, over the chasm of the Tyropœon valley, from the western city and the royal palace there, to the brow of Mount Sion, and to the Temple that crowned it.

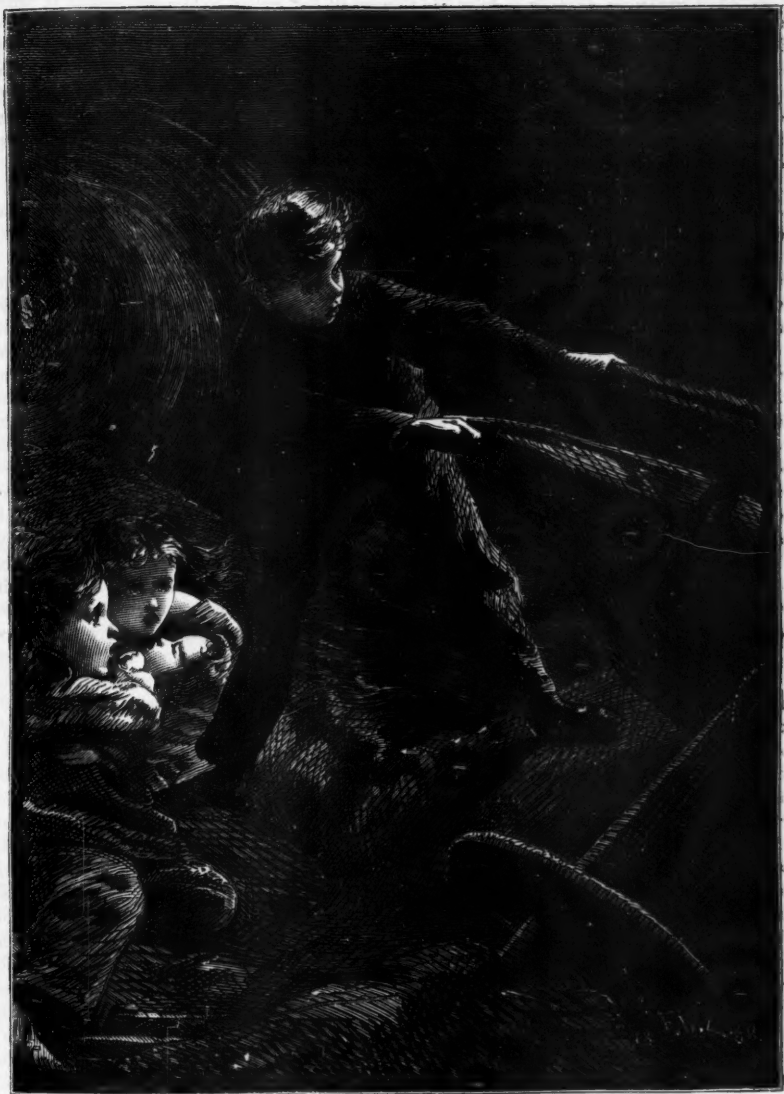
The wood-cut below, carefully drawn from the photograph taken by Sergeant Phillips, represents the masonry of the western Haram wall, as it rises above the present surface of the ground, and with the springers of "Robinson's Arch."

In the diagram, the section of the rock from below the pier masonry at K to the point B is drawn from conjecture; still, as the rock, both at B and also below the masonry K, has been actually explored, the surface-line of the rock between those points must

closely resemble the line that appears in the diagram. The sudden and precipitous fall of the rock here may have been produced, at any rate partially, by excavation when Solomon first laid the foundations of the great western wall of the Temple enclosure.

In order to determine the exact character of the rise of the rock from the bottom of the Tyropœon chasm or gully towards the east, and at the same time to follow the southern wall of the Haram downwards beneath the present surface of the ground to its foundation on the rock, at and also

near the junction of the southern and western Haram walls at the south-west angle, a shaft was sunk down the face of the southern wall, about 40 feet to the eastward of the south-west angle.



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"He dragged a heavy sail across."—p. 636.

At 12 feet 6 inches below the surface, this shaft encountered a pavement formed of small stones, irregular in form, and polished, probably from wear. Below, for a depth of 16 feet, a kind of concrete, composed of stones, bricks, and mortar, was pierced; and then succeeded, first, loose stones and shingle, and afterwards large wrought stones, and a wall of rubble running north and south, and abutting on the Haram wall. On the 11th of October, 1867, this shaft had been sunk to the great depth of 79 feet, and the men were in the act of breaking through a great stone, in order to carry the shaft down still deeper, when suddenly the bottom of the shaft gave way. Down went stone and hammers, and the Arab workmen barely succeeded in saving themselves from following with them. They at once rushed up and told the sergeant that they had found a bottomless pit. Lieutenant Warren himself went down to examine into the true nature of the sudden and unexpected addition to the depth of his shaft, and, in his report on this occasion, he says, in order that we may have an idea of the nature and magnitude of his work, he will give us a description of his descent of the shaft on this 11th day of last October:—

"The shaft-mouth is on the south side of the Haram wall, near the south-west angle," writes Lieutenant Warren, "among the prickly pears. Beside it, to the east, lying against the wall, is a large mass of rubbish that has been brought up; while over the mouth of the shaft itself is a triangular gin, with an iron wheel attached, and with a guy for running up the excavated soil. Looking down the shaft, I see that it is lined for the first 20 feet with timber framing 4 feet 6 inches in the clear. Further down, the Haram wall is seen, and the soil which has been cut through, and a man appears standing at what apparently is the bottom. An order is given to this man, who repeats it, and then a sepulchral voice is heard answering faintly, as if, from another world. Reaching down towards the man who is visible is a 34-foot rope-ladder; and on descending by it, I find that the man is standing on a ledge which the ladder does not touch by 4 feet. This ledge is the top of the wall running north and south, which abuts on the Haram wall. The east face of this wall just cuts the centre of the shaft, which, consequently, has to be canted off about 2 feet towards the east, just where some large loose stones jut out in the most disagreeable manner. Here five more of the timber frames have been fixed to keep these stones steady. On peering down from this ledge, the Haram wall is discovered, and its grand projecting courses of masonry become lost in the darkness still lower down; and, at the same time, it becomes evident that two sides of the shaft are cut through the soil,

and are self-supporting. In order to descend this second stage of the shaft, the ladder is again required. Accordingly, having told the man at the bottom to get under cover, the ladder is lowered to the ledge, and then, since it does not reach the bottom of the shaft, it has to be lowered about twelve feet more, and I have to reach it by climbing down by a rope hand over hand. As I pass along, I observe the marvellous joints of the Haram wall, and also probably encounter a few blows on the head and knuckles from falling pebbles. At last, on reaching the bottom of the ladder, I remember that there is still a pit of unknown depth to be explored, and so I step cautiously over the aperture leading to it. Then can be seen that one course of the Haram wall, near its base, is quite smooth all over, the stone being finely dressed, all the other courses being well dressed only round their drafts (or sunk borders). Two stout boards also are here seen lying against the Haram wall, under which the men retire whenever an accidental shower of stones renders their position dangerous. I am now at the depth of seventy-nine feet from the surface, and here I commence my exploration of the 'bottomless pit.' Having dropped a rope down into it, I discover that it really is only six feet deep, though certainly it looked black enough for anything. On climbing down with the sergeant, we find ourselves in a passage 4 feet high by 2 feet wide, running south from the Haram area; and we explore this passage. It is of rough rubble masonry, with flat stones at the top, and the floor and sides are muddy, as if water gathers there in the rainy season. It at once struck me," continues Lieutenant Warren, "that this was one of the overflow aqueducts from the Temple of Solomon, and that there might be a water-conduit underneath. We scrambled along on our feet, until, after about 200 feet, we found that the mud reached so high as to compel us to crawl by means of our elbows and toes. Gradually the passage became more and more filled up, and our bodies could barely squeeze through, and there did not appear sufficient air to support us for any length of time; so that, having advanced 400 feet, we commenced a difficult retrograde movement, having to get back half way before we could turn our heads round. On arriving at the mouth of the passage under the shaft, we spent some time in examining the sides, but there is no appearance of its having come under the Haram wall. It seems to start suddenly, and I can only suppose it to have been an examining passage over an aqueduct coming from the Temple." (This surmise was not confirmed; for, on breaking through the bottom of the passage the workmen came upon the solid rock.) "The bottom of this passage," Lieutenant Warren proceeds, "is the enormous distance of 85 feet below the surface of the

ground, and, as far as I can see yet, the wall at the south-west angle must be buried 95 feet underground; so that at one time it must have risen clear to the height of 180 feet above the Tyropoeon gully." It must be added, that in this singular passage, at 350 feet from the shaft, a branch gallery from the east was found; but it was impossible to clear it from the deposit with which it was almost filled. Subsequently, the great shaft was filled up, the position of the passage having first been fixed on the outside of the city walls, so that access to it could be gained at any time by sinking a fresh shaft at a suitable distance from the walls. This afterwards was actually done. A shaft was sunk 350 feet south of the walls, and at the depth of 60 feet it dropped directly upon the passage. The fellahin," remarks the lieutenant, "were regularly scared when they broke through stone" in this new shaft, "and found the passage with our well-known broad arrow burnt black on the roof. The passage is now being cleared out to the south." This was on the 2nd of February of this present year; but as I now write I have not any report of the results of the "clearing out" that at that time was commenced.

It appears desirable here to quote a few more lines from Lieutenant Warren's report of October 11, 1867, on the subject of the means then at his disposal for sinking his deep shafts. "I consider it," he writes, "very unsafe to sink these shafts without sheathing them; but I have been obliged to do this from want of wood." (He elsewhere mentions the great difficulty of obtaining even very small quantities of suitable wood in Palestine.) "In this shaft in particular" (the deep one near the south-west angle), continues Lieutenant Warren, "there is about sixty feet unsheathed, and a loose stone from any part might stave a man's head in before he is aware of it. . . .

The amount of wood wanted is very great: this shaft, if sheathed, would require 100 boards, 18 feet long, and 9 inches by 1 inch. We are also very much in want of English dockyard rope, and rope-ladders; . . . we have only two rope-ladders, and are often in great difficulties in consequence. It is all very well climbing hand over hand 35 feet up a rope, when hanging in the air; but, when it hangs in an unsheathed shaft, and loose stones may be brought down on one's head by the dangling of the rope, it is unsafe." Most certainly this is unsafe. Again the lieutenant writes:—"I wish to call your attention particularly to the deep shafts we have sunk lately. It is absolutely necessary, if this sort of work is to be continued, that the public should give with sufficient liberality to enable me to conduct the works in perfect safety to those who are employed continually under ground."

Since these reports reached England, the public has given with such liberality that abundant supplies have been placed at the disposal of Lieutenant Warren, to enable him to carry on his operations with energy and in safety. Still, a very considerably enlarged measure of public support is needed even now, if we would have this enterprise worked out in a manner and on a scale worthy of itself. I believe that this fact only requires to be known, coupled with a correct understanding of the nature of the work itself, and of the principles and aim of the Exploration Society, in order to secure most ample funds. What I myself particularly desire to see, is a *multitude of small donations—something, indeed, from every individual* who loves the Bible, and who therefore must feel a personal interest in the exploration of Palestine.

In my next chapter I propose to resume my description of the discoveries in the Tyropoeon valley, along the western wall of the Haram.

A YOUNG HERO.

BALLAD. BY THE REV. WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH, B.A.

[NOTE.—The incidents described in this ballad may be read in the Newfoundland Public Ledger of November 8th. They occurred during the gale of October 9th. Whole families go in the fishing vessels to the summer stations, where they put up their huts, or "tilts," and return in the laden vessels in the autumn. Thus 15,000 persons are said to have been wrecked on that one day, and on that coast alone.]



N Labrador, like coils of flame
That clasp the walls of blazing town,
The long resistless billows came,
And swept the craggy headlands down;
Till ploughing in strong agonies
Their furrows deep into the land,
They carried rocks, and bars of sand
Past farthest margin of old seas,
And in their giant fury bore
Full thirty crowded craft ashore.

That night they pushed the darkness through,
O'er rocks where slippery lichens grew,
And swamps of slime and melted snow,
And torrents filled to overflow;
Through pathless wilds, in showers and wind,
Where woe to him who lags behind!
Where children slipped in ooze, and lay
Half frozen, buried half in clay;
Young mothers, with their babes at breast,
In chilly stupor dropped to rest.

A sailor lad of years fourteen,
 Had chanced, as by the waters thrown,
 On four that made sad cry and moan
 For parents they had lost between
 The wreck and shore, or haply missed.
 Cheerly and kind their cheeks he kissed,
 And folded each in other's arm.
 Upon a sloping mound of moss
 He dragged a heavy sail across,
 Close-pinned with boulders, rough yet warm;
 And packing it with mosses tight,
 Kept steadfast watch the livelong night,
 Nor dared depart, lest e'er again
 Was found this treasure he had hid.
 Some sudden treacherous gust had slid
 Beneath that rugged counterpane.
 He knew not name or face of one:
 He saved them. It was nobly done!

Day dawned at last. The storm had lulled;
 And these were happy, sleeping yet.
 A few fresh hands of moss he pulled,
 Then traced with trembling steps the track
 Of many footprints deeply set;
 And pressing forward, early met
 These children's parents hasting back,
 And filled their hearts with boundless joy,
 As with blanched lips, and chattering teeth,
 He told them of his night's employ;
 Feigned, too, he was not much distressed,
 Although his dying heart, beneath
 His icy-frozen shirt and vest,

Beat faint. They went; and o'er his eyes
 A gathering film beclouded light;
 And music, murmured in his brain,
 Such respite sang from toil and strain,
 That all his senses, wearied quite,
 Were lapped to slumber, lulling pain;
 Whilst soothing visions seemed to rise,
 That brought him scenes of other times,
 With cherub faces, beaming bright,
 Of many children, and the rhymes
 His mother taught him on her knee,
 In happy days of infancy.
 Then gentlest forms, with rustling wings,
 Were wafting him a world of ease
 Beneath those downy canopies,
 Wherewith they shut out angry skies;
 And they with winning beckonings—
 Who looked so sweet and saintly-wise—
 His buoyant spirit drew afar
 From creaking timbers, shivering sails,
 And ships that strain in autumn gales,
 And snow-mixed rains, and sleeting hails,
 And wind and waves at endless war.
 Oh! who will e'er forget the day,
 The bitter tears, the voiceless prayer,
 The thoughts of grief we could not say,
 The shallow graves within the bay,
 The fifteen dear ones buried there,
 The grown, the young, who side by side,
 Without or coffin, shroud, or priest,
 Were laid; and him we mourned not least—
 The boy that had so bravely died!

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.



UITE betimes in the morning, before the lazy, irregular household had well opened its eyes, Francis Heatherly's bell rang sharp and distinct.

He was accustomed, he said, to strict punctuality, and he always had his breakfast at eight o'clock.

He had taken his domestics rather by surprise. His eye ran over the slovenly room, scarcely ready for him—the unpolished grate, the dusty carpet—and noted every defect. He had ample time; for he waited half-an-hour in the breakfast-room, ere the kettle could be made to boil.

"Which convinces me," said Francis Heatherly to himself—and I almost think he put it down in his book—"that I must have a wife!"

And almost as quickly as we could write it down, he had formed, as he thought, a most perfect scheme, which he at once proceeded to carry into operation.

He asked the housekeeper for Miss Graham's address, and she gave it to him, written on a scrap of paper. The address was No. 3, Prospect Cottages.

"Quite an out-of-the-way place, where nobody lives," the housekeeper told him—by which she meant, nobody of consequence.

When Francis Heatherly had finished his breakfast, he spent a little time in looking at his packages. Then he went over the house, jotting down, as he did so, sundry items in his note-book. The result of these calculations was, that an architect should be set to work, either to repair the old place, or to make plans for the new. He had not made up his mind. Then, as the morning was getting on apace, he prepared to go out. He made the best of himself before he went. He gave an additional curl to his moustache, and an additional perfume to his well-oiled locks. His new suit of black became him admirably; and, lest he should soil his carefully-polished boots, he sent for a cab, and desired the man to drive to Prospect Cottages. He amused himself, as he rode along, by thinking what he should say to Josephine. He had scarce settled the matter, which required a great deal of consideration, when the cab drew up at the door. He was not in the least fluttered. He got out, paid the cabman, and dismissed him. Then he rang at the bell. He had his card-case in his hand. He

would do the thing in the most gentlemanly manner. He sent in his card, with the name elaborately engraved, and ornamented by sundry flourishes, to Josephine.

While the card was taken in, he stood in the passage, pulling off his glove. The glove was new and tight, and he had just accomplished the matter, when the woman of the house came back, and asked him to walk into Miss Graham's room.

Francis Heatherly, his hat in his hand, and diffusing a kind of fragrance around him, stepped into the presence of Josephine. The room was perfectly neat and comfortable. Some working materials were on the table, and the morning sun was shining cheerily in at the window. Francis Heatherly, who loved order, and neatness, and cheerfulness, was gratified. Last of all, he looked at Josephine. She had risen to receive him. The extreme grace of the movement was not lost upon him. He liked a graceful manner in a woman.

"I have taken the liberty of making myself known to you, Miss Graham," he began, the cold blue eye resting on her with some curiosity; "I only arrived last night."

She asked him to be seated, and then she sat down herself. Her voice trembled a little; she had been ill the day before, and had only just left her room; but of that, she told him nothing.

"I allowed no time to elapse," he continued, "before I paid my respects to you. Justice demanded it of me."

"You are very good," replied Josephine, colouring at the terms of his introduction.

"I am strictly just, Miss Graham. If there is one principle of my nature stronger than another, it is that!"

She bowed her head in token of assent.

"I have heard your story, and it is a very sad one. That you should have been left——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Josephine, hastily, and her face flushing with a strange feeling of annoyance and dislike, "let me beg of you to pass by that subject; it is painful and unnecessary."

He smiled a smile of extreme complacency.

"Not so unnecessary as you think, Miss Graham. I wish you to regard me, from the very first, in the light of a friend."

She hesitated. It might be impolitic, and uncourtous, but friendships are not won with a word.

"I am obliged to you," she said at length, the same tingling sensation in her cheek.

All this time, the blue eye had never wandered from her, except once, and that was to the reflection of himself in the mirror. He did not think her handsome. I told you, from the first, that opinions were divided on that head. He inclined to regard her as plain. But, plain or handsome, it made no difference when strict justice held the balance.

"When this property came to me," he continued, "the first inquiry I made, was, whether the late Miss Graham had any near relation. My relationship to her was, as you, perhaps, are aware, very distant indeed."

Josephine assented. He had not an agreeable voice. It was too hard, and there was none of the flexibility that renders speech pleasant to the ear.

"I heard rumours of a niece who had expected to enjoy the estate willed, by some freak, to myself. I resolved to search the matter out. I am not a man who flinches from my duty."

Again Josephine assented.

"I do so. I find you in poverty. I find——"

The crimson flush on her cheek made him pause a moment. He altered the term.

"I find you in reduced circumstances, and I regret it exceedingly. Believe me, Miss Graham, I am prepared to act fairly by you."

Her varying colour and the pained look in her face might have told him how distressing that conversation was to her; but his cold blue eye saw nothing.

"My object, this morning, was to offer to you permanent assistance. I am about to——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Josephine, hastily, and brushing away a tear that would come; "I may seem ungrateful, but I have learned to be independent, and it does not occur to me, that I need assistance."

His patronising tone jarred on her sensibilities, and wounded them to the quick.

"That is pride, Miss Graham."

"Oh, no; I am not proud," she replied. "I confess to having felt the blow that scattered my expectations to the winds; but I have recovered from that. I am settled here, in quiet and content. I need nothing more."

She could not repress a sigh as she said it. He little knew what the great shipwreck of her life had been!

"Yes, it is pride," he insisted, his voice growing harsher and more intolerable. "You must learn to be humble. These trials are sent us——"

She could not bear that from him. Oh, no! Come what might, she would break off that strain! The look she gave him, stopped him. It was then he remembered that the great errand of the morning had not even been approached. She was not the sort of person he expected to find. He thought she would have been deferential to him, as the owner of the property, and as inclining to be her benefactor and her patron. But to regard him in this light, did not occur to Josephine.

"Now, Miss Graham, I have a request to make to you. I hope you understand our relative positions. I am sure you are a lady of considerable penetration; otherwise, there might be some mistake here."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in simple surprise.

"I mean that, in the eye of justice, I have that which ought to have been yours. In the eye of the law, of course, it is my own, and no one can make restitution to you."

"But I do not wish for restitution," said Josephine, impatiently. She was getting weary of the cold blue eye and the offensive conceit of the man who had chosen to intrude himself upon her.

"No matter," and he smiled complacently. "I do!"

Her face flushed again. She wished he would go. There was no earthly reason why he should inflict this visit upon her.

"As a lover of justice, I do," he continued, getting more and more complacent. "And possessing, besides, a tolerable share of acumen, I see, quite clearly, the proper way of acting for us both."

She raised her head with something of haughtiness. How dare he to link himself with her, in this way?

He took no notice of the hint. It was not his habit to turn aside from any purpose he might have formed. He went straight on.

"I am aware we are comparative strangers; but that has been accidental, and admits of remedy. When you have seen me some few times, perhaps you will grow to—to—" Here he paused, for once embarrassed. Josephine's look of blank amazement tended to bring him to a halt.

"You will become better acquainted with me," he continued, recovering his self-possession. "And then, why should I mince the matter? I am a plain, straightforward, man, and know my own mind. I feel it will be no more than my bounden duty to—to—"

Josephine was speechless; so no help could come from that quarter.

"In fact, to marry you!" blurted out Francis Heatherly.

There was a dead silence after this announcement. He thought he had done it admirably, and he glanced at himself in the mirror.

Josephine, for the first few moments, felt unable to utter a single word. His folly and absurdity made her incline to laugh. But he was quite serious, never more so in his life. He looked at her, expecting a reply. She would be only too happy, he thought, to accept such a solution of the knot in her history. Of course she was taken by surprise; she was sure to be. He must give her time; he must encourage her a little: and a smile, meant to be benignant, curled the thin lips.

"Don't be too much agitated, Miss Graham. I can wait for your reply. I am not in such a hurry as—as you think!"

Josephine laughed now—laughed outright. Then correcting herself, "You are mistaking me for some other person," said she, quietly. "No one syllable that you have uttered can have the least reference to myself."

"But are you not Josephine Graham?"

"Oh, yes! and that is precisely the reason."

He looked at her, and, without the least embarrassment, she looked full at him. Her eyes, he began to discover, were remarkably handsome. For once in his life, he felt rather at a disadvantage.

"I am afraid I have been too abrupt. But when you come to think the matter over—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, "there will not be the least occasion! The conclusion has been arrived at already."

"Then you actually refuse me!"

"I do."

She said it quietly, but firmly. She rose as she said it. He began to think that, after all, she was very good-looking.

"And a girl of spirit, too!" he thought.

He did not care so much about this point-blank negative. It was early in the day, and she would find out her mistake. He had, at least, raised an interest in her mind, and that was something. As she was standing, he felt compelled to rise also.

"At any rate, Miss Graham, setting this matter aside for the present, you will allow me to be your friend."

"Setting it aside *for ever*," she replied, with some vehemence, "and distinctly understanding that it shall never be alluded to again."

"You make hard terms, Miss Graham."

"Oh, no; I am only reasonable. And for the rest, I do not think it wise to lose a friend."

She forced herself to say it. She would not make him an enemy.

"Then I may visit you sometimes?"

"I receive no visitors."

"I am glad of that!" He said it abruptly. "At all events, there is no rival on the field," he thought.

When he had thought it, he took his leave. He was not altogether dissatisfied with his visit. A man of his tact and skill, and with all the prestige that wealth could give, was sure to be successful in the end: it was a mere matter of time. There was no earthly reason to prevent Josephine Graham from becoming his wife!

Well for him, he could not look back into the little room, and see her walking up and down with flushed, tearful face, and agitated step; and that he did not hear her cry, in the bitterness of her soul—

"Oh, Raymond, Raymond! you should have saved me from this!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

THE face of Alice Sylvester wore a look of quiet happiness, as she walked home from her visit to Charley. It was one of those rare intervals when the harassing cares and troubles, that beset her daily path, had hidden their heads. She had gone away from them, in thought, at least, to some other days that lay embalmed in her memory. A smile played about her mouth, her eye was bright, her step elastic: just for those few moments!

She had reached the gate that led, by a private road, into the grounds of the old house on the common. Grim as ever, and bare, and bleak, and desolate, there stood before her the home in which she had been nurtured. Still the same smile played about her mouth; her thoughts were still wandering in the past, and while they did so she was happy!

A voice sounded close to her ear—

"Miss Sylvester!"

She turned to look. All her bright thoughts faded. The happy memories were rent away, like a web of gossamer. The voice was that of Humphreys.

She looked at him kindly. There was an amount of involuntary sympathy in her voice as she said, "Did you wish to speak to me?"

"I want to tell you the trouble I am in, Miss Sylvester. It mayn't do much good, but a man will grasp a straw sometimes, if he thinks it stands between him and drowning."

She knew it was coming—the old story, old as her memory lasted, and which had been older than that! And what could she do? The slender fingers were twisted together in a kind of agony. But she did not show it outwardly. She was calm and dignified, as she stood to listen.

"It's the money that has ruined me," continued John; "the money my father was mad enough to lend to old Mr.——"

He stopped. The burning blush on her cheek, and the flash of her eye drew him up quickly. He changed his tone.

"I did not mean to offend you, Miss Sylvester. I am not as polite as I ought to be. Indeed, I hardly know what I am saying!"

"I am not offended," replied Alice, calmly. "Pray go on."

"I hardly know what I am saying," repeated he, hurriedly, and in a tone of keen distress. "Six weeks ago, I thought I was the luckiest fellow alive—a good farm, and the best wife that ever lived, and who doesn't know, no more than a babe unborn, what is going to happen to her! On my word, she doesn't, and how I am to tell her I don't know!" added John, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand.

"You see, I bought the farm with money raised on the debt," continued John, trying to speak more coherently. "It wouldn't have mattered, if I'd had to do with honest folks. Don't be angry, Miss Sylvester," for she had started, as if stung to the quick. "I was not speaking of you, only of the man who did business with me. He was a rogue of the first water; more fool I was to trust him!"

She did not speak. The mute anguish of her face touched him.

"I'm sorry to have to lay the matter before you, Miss Sylvester. Ladies have no business with such things, I know; but, you see, I'm just desperate—that's what I am, and who else is there will hear me?"

Again the fingers clutched in her bitterness of soul. How could she help him? That was the keenest shaft flung at her by her evil destiny. How could she help him? She would have coined her heart's blood, she knew that, rather than inflict such woe on others. She would, she was resolved as she stood, break through all barriers, and contribute her mite, be it ever so small, to undo the mass of evil. She would use her youth, her strength, her energy—all she had, in the contest. Yes, come what might! The kindling of her face, the flash of her eye, told that she would. The resolute will of the Sylvesters was stamped on every feature.

"Who else will hear me?" continued John Humphreys, growing more and more excited. "They've

tied me off for six months, or I'd have put an execution in the house. I was very near it."

She laid her hand on the gate, as if to steady herself. Every atom of colour died from cheek and brow. What a dreadful sound the words had! How they jarred on every nerve. She looked up at the bare, blank windows of the old house on the common. A sense of danger, of desolation, of degradation, too, came over her. What a position they were placed in! What help was there? what rescue? She could have wept, but her tears seemed dried up by the burning, intolerable sense of shame!

"It's just that six months that will beat me down," continued John. "The man who lent me the money is pressing me hard. I shall have to sell the farm. Think of that, Miss Sylvester! My farm that I have just got settled in! And my wife——" Here his voice faltered. He could see Rachel, even now, sitting by her bright fireside, and singing in the gladness of her heart. He would have to tell her, before that day was over, and the thought drove him frantic. "Oh, Miss Sylvester! can't you suggest anything—not anything, to save us?"

Her face looked rigid, her lips were compressed. The mouth, so sweet and tender, was now hard and set; for the thing, in all its bitterness and hatefulness, thrust itself full upon her; the thing expressed by that one expressive word—*debt*!

This it was which clouded her young life in its morning hours; which hid her path in darkness and perplexity; which brought with it danger, nay destruction. "For it will, it is destroying us," she thought, her eyes wandering a moment to the old house yonder. Then they rested on John Humphreys. The haggard lines on his face, the sad, sleepless eyes, the look of weariness and perplexity, was too much. She could not bear it.

"Oh!" cried she, tearfully, "may God forgive us what we have done to you, John Humphreys!"

He was very much affected. She was so beautiful, so high born, so far removed from him. She was a Sylvester, and yet she wept for him! I think he wept too, for a tear fell on his hard, weatherbeaten hand. If she could have given him a fortune, it could scarce have soothed him as those tears of hers did.

"I will try what I can do," continued she, vehemently. "I will move heaven and earth to get you the money. Don't you feel convinced of it?"

"I do!" replied John Humphreys, eagerly; "I do!" "If I cannot, it will not be my fault. I will strain every nerve. There is nothing I will not do, or suffer!" She spoke passionately.

"Nothing I will not do, or suffer!"

She repeated the words, as she hurried home. She meant to tell them so, her mother and Raymond. They had been riding out, in the equipage of the Sylvesters, with all the appurtenances of wealth and fashion. She had seen it rolling along in the distance, and, as she remembered it, she gasped out the words breathlessly, and with flushed, angry face—"Shame! shame! shame!"

(To be continued).

THE PAINTED WINDOW.



NE day Arthur's papa called him to his side, and said, "Arthur, my dear boy, you have been so good to-day that you shall go with me out riding; and as I am going to pay a morning visit at that old house you were so desirous of exploring, I think you will be very much pleased."

"Oh, thank you, papa!" cried Arthur; "I remember the house so well, and how I longed to go into it that day we rode past. Oh, I am so glad!" and Arthur clapped his hands with joy.

When they reached the old house, they passed under an archway, and rode up to the door, which was of strong oak, studded with nails; and there were quaint old buttresses, and mullioned windows, and gables covered with ivy. And Arthur's papa rang the door-bell, and they waited till the servant came to let them in.

When the servant appeared, he informed them that his master had been obliged to keep an engagement of some importance, and was therefore out, but that in half an hour's time he would return; and being very anxious to see Arthur's papa, he had left a message for him, begging that he would come in and wait for him; so, as this gentleman and little Arthur's papa were friends, and stood on no ceremony with each other, Arthur had the great pleasure of being desired to dismount and follow his papa, who walked into the house.

At one end of the hall there was a beautiful long window, called a lancet window, that is, of the same shape as those in churches, pointed towards the top; and this window was entirely made of the most beautiful stained glass. There were figures and coats of arms painted upon it in the richest colours—crimson, and azure, and orange, and purple, and green; and Arthur, who had never seen anything half so beautiful before, was quite enchanted. The sunshine, too, was pouring in through this window like a flood of glory, and the different coloured rays fell upon the floor, slanting up to Arthur's feet, like bars of amethyst, and ruby, and sapphire, and emerald. It seemed to Arthur the work of magic; for, except the small east window at church, the colours of which were pale and dim compared with these, he had never seen anything of the kind before.

"Oh, papa, how beautiful!" was all he could say.

"Yes, my boy," answered his papa, "it is a beautiful window."

"But, papa, you do not seem to care about it; oh, I suppose you have seen it before?"

"Yes, my dear; I have seen it often; and I have seen cathedrals, where there are not one but many such windows as this. But I am very glad to be able to show my little boy anything so beautiful; and I am glad, too, to see that he has so quick an eye for what is beautiful."

"Oh, but, papa, who could help seeing this window, unless he were blind? And, oh, papa, do you think that I shall ever see those cathedrals, and all their windows?"

"I have no doubt of it, Arthur. And as you are pleased with the bright colours of this window, shall I show you another beauty in it, which I do not think you have yet observed?"

"Oh, do, please, papa," said Arthur.

"It has often struck me," continued his papa, "that all these beautiful colours are like the joys of this world, so bright, so warm, so captivating. Now, by the joys of this world, I do not mean its sinful pleasures, or its vain frivolities; I mean— Tell me, Arthur, first, what you think are the joys of this world."

"I don't know very well, papa, what the world is; but I know what my joys are—oh, yes!—they are you and mamma, and all your kindness to me; and then, you know, papa, we love each other so dearly; and my pony, and my rabbits, and all the flowers, and birds, and the sunshine, and the stars, and my pretty poetry-book; and, oh, dear papa, a thousand things besides!" and Arthur looked quite overwhelmed with the weight of the joys of this world.

"Yes, my darling boy," said his papa, looking pleased, "I thought you would rank our affection for each other first in your list, as, I assure you, I do in mine. And, what I mean by that happiness of life which resembles the colours in this window, is, first of all, the love that is implanted in all human creatures—the deep, warm love of parent and child, of husband and wife, of brother and sister; and, after that, the numerous blessings we enjoy in this world—the beauties of Nature, the love of animals, and flowers, and music, and poetry. Do you see, Arthur, how these things are like the colours in the window?"

"I think I do," replied Arthur, thoughtfully: "they are strong, and warm, and do not change."

"You are right," said his papa. "But I was speaking then, Arthur, only of the colours as they are without the sunshine. But, my dear child, as this stained window is luminous only within itself, and throws no colours on the floor if the sun does not shine upon it; so our blessings in this life, our innocent pleasures, and our human affections, will all be gathered and concentrated in self, if we view them not through the true light of heaven, the love of God. It is only in spreading and diffusing the blessings we enjoy in this world, that we can make a right use of them; and wherever you see one who helps and succours his fellow-creatures, and gives them peace, and consolation, and happiness, when he can do so, you may rest assured that, at least, some rays of the heavenly light are shining upon his life."